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August 26, 1906.



THE LITTLE SAVOYARD.

A True Story of Street Life in Paris.

It was the twelfth night after Christmas—an excellent evening in England, France, and Germany by fires and entertainments, to which the children bear a prominent part.

I found the reader to accompany me to an elegant mansion in the aristocratic Boulevard de Malesherbes, in the city of Paris. It was not to see that something was going on inside, for it was brilliantly illuminated, and from time to time elegantly-dressed figures were industriously seen through the openings of the heavy curtains.

It was a Twelfth Night Festival. The saloon was fairly abuzz with light. Boys and girls, dressed with taste, moved about gracefully in childish dresses or elegantly partook of the bonbons which on that occasion are always liberally supplied. Among the most elegant ladies, most of them beaming with the enjoyment of the little ones.

At last came the grand ceremony of the evening. This was the cutting of the Twelfth Night cake, which was of mammoth proportions, and of which each person was entitled to a share. The cutting of the cake was watched with interest, and the pieces were drawn by lot. Just before this was done, however, the Countess de Charry said to the hostess, "Will you graciously give me a little cup?"

"Certainly," said the hostess, complacently. "Is this? I wish my portion of the cake to be given to the poorest little boy that can be found in the street."

The French are always full of nobility, and this "caprice" struck the hostess as promising a pleasant story. "I will," she said, "I will at once dispatch Antoine on your errand."

Antoine was at hand, his services being liable to be called on at any moment. He shrugged his shoulders as the message was given him, and thought there was no accounting for the caprice of the ladies. But of course it was not for him to question, and he went out to execute his errand.

Reaching the street, he looked around him, hoping he might not have to go in the cold, for it was one of the coldest nights of the winter.

"Ah, there's a little rags-bag, isn't he?" Now to capture him.

The boy before him was a ragged little Savoyard, of ten years old, apparently, who was standing opposite his little violin under his arm. He had been about the streets all day, playing a wretched tune, and getting no money.

From some place he had been driven with abuse, for his instrument was far from being a superior one, and poor little Carlo was a capable player. The poor fellow had suffered not a little with cold, for his clothes were thin, and by no means sufficient for the season, and he had had nothing to eat since the start of the day, which was given him in the morning, by the speculator who had bought him with several others, to Paris, and he was now in the street, looking for the smallest allowance of food that would keep soul and body together.

After wandering about the whole day, little Carlo had strayed into the Boulevard des Malesherbes, and had passed in front of the beautiful mansion where the festive party was being given.

He had seen the children who were participating in the entertainment, and it was quite likely that the poor little fellow felt a sorrowful envy of these who led so much better a life than his. His gaze was so intent that he did not notice the appearance of the servant, until Antoine, having crossed the street, laid his hand on his shoulder. Carlo started in alarm, and tried to beat himself from the servant's grasp.

"Not so fast, little chap," said Antoine. "I didn't do any harm," said the Savoyard, trembling; for he supposed Antoine's intention was unfriendly.

"Who said you did?" I only said that I wanted you.

The little Savoyard looked at him with the roguish, but not with the cunning, eyes of a child who has been the victim of a trick. He looked at the man who he regarded as a stranger, and he believed it was not for him to question, and he went out to execute his errand.

"You, my child, but have a care not to offend the king, if it should be within."

All the children were eagerly examining the piece in the hope of finding the ring which was the prize of the evening.

In the midst of the excitement, the little Savoyard, with the glittering ringlet from his cap, saying to the Countess, "I have it, madame."

"The king? The king? The little Savoyard is king?" shouted the children.

"You are the king of the festival," said the hostess, smiling and looking at the little Carlo, who seemed bewildered by the entire scene.

It was a strange scene—the little rags-bag in the midst of the saloon, surrounded by elegantly-dressed children, over whom he was called to exercise sovereignty. The children enjoyed it better than if one of themselves had been chosen.

"A queen? A queen? He must name a queen," shouted the children.

"Look around you," said the hostess. "Is it for you to choose a queen from these?"

The little Savoyard looked around him a moment, then went back to the Countess de Charry.

"I want you to be queen," he said.

"Look around you," said the hostess. "Is it for you to choose a queen from these?"

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With his wings, and between them was a shining object. Now, perhaps, you will wonder how I can describe so minutely.

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will you have your pork and greens now, or wait till your father's gone?"

"Can I expect that?" I inquired in a half of a man when he said that. "I don't know," he said, "but I don't know."

A gentleman inquired of the young lady who was standing by the door.

"I am sorry to hear that," he said, "but I am sorry to hear that."

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CORRESPONDENCE.

ANSWERED TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS

J. C.—Brown and blue do not combine gently together for a suit. Why not plain checked brown, or same in blue?

Julia T.—Send patterns by mail.

Edith's cottage did not belong to her; it had been let to her for a number of years, with the privilege of purchasing it at the end of that time. The lease expired within one month, and Mrs. Edith then intended to

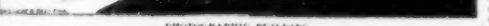
Kate could not bear the idea of being dependent on others; and though Mrs. Lacy wished her to stay with her, still she felt she

for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at one for having his breast cracked than for having his head broken.

MODERATION may be considered as a tree of which the root is contentment and the fruit repose.

quite time enough, when the gentleman himself makes some significant declaration, you to consider the matter seriously.

Your second question, there surely can be no impropriety in thanking a gentleman for a polite attention, though, of course, it was not always deemed necessary.



The woodbine had climbed the latticed lichen to an immense extent, and the young

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